Euphoria

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Euphoria

by TigerPrawn

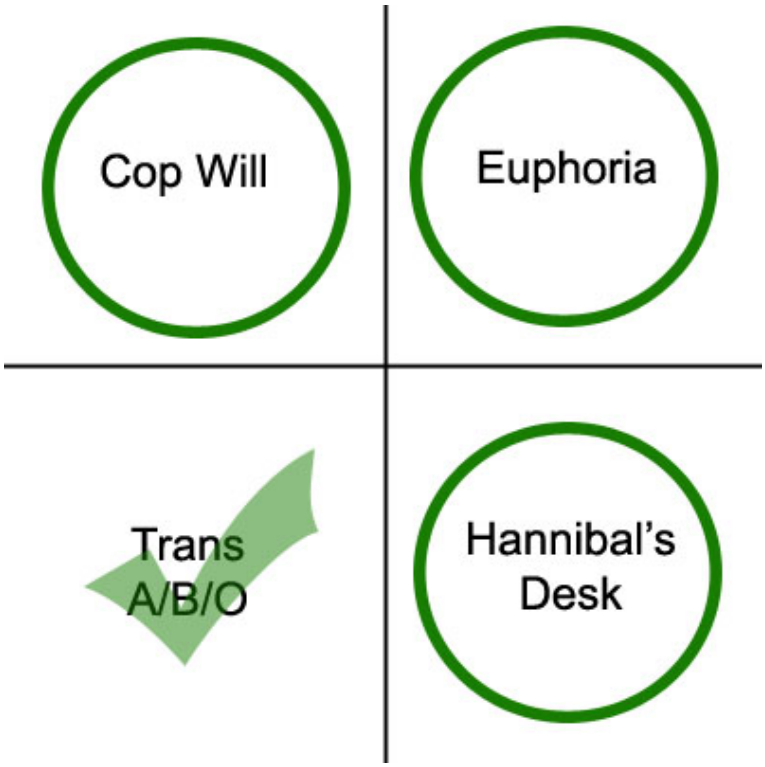
Summary

Will seeks out therapy and doesn't realise that Hannibal is a radical sex therapist.

Final installment on my Trans Hanni Bingo card: Cop Will, Euphoria and Hannibal's Desk

Notes

Final installment on my Trans Hanni Bingo card: Cop Will, Euphoria and Hannibal's Desk



Will grew up in an environment where therapy just wasn't something that happened. As a kid, it wasn't something that existed outside of derisive comments on the sort of TV shows his dad watched. People who went to therapy were weak, it wasn't something that men did.

And that was the strange irony of it. That his dad held those beliefs - and many others Will might not agree with once he was grown and had a mind of his own - and yet had accepted Will was trans.

Will had always been what they called a tomboy, he'd gone by the name Will as a shortening of his birth name for as long as he could remember. Once his mama died, his dad had let him do as he pleased as regards the clothes he wore and activities he partook in. And when he wasn't at school, he dressed in dirty overalls and helped his dad at the boatyard. Hell, most of the customers thought the scruffy kid with a short mop of curly hair and dirt on his face *was* a boy.

Truth was, Bill Graham had always wanted a son, so he had accepted it easily. With his wife gone - taken from him by cancer - it felt like the universe, or God, or whatever, was giving him something back. Making his kid into a real boy, like their own version of Pinnochio.

And that had all been great for Will, he'd felt accepted for who he really was - affirmed - a word he learned many years later. His dad even bought him the bandages he used to bind his chest when his budding breasts started to grow in. But that wasn't enough to counter the feeling of discomfort and disgust as his body started to change. As he went from being a little boy to a pubescent girl. Because there was no hiding it then, no escaping it or the way it made him feel.

And, looking back, *that* would have been the ideal time for Will to seek therapy. But it wasn't something men did.

Will stood outside the imposing office building, the sky behind it was still a little light in that way that the setting sun lit everything up, bouncing off the clouds and creating colours that made the building look a little frightful.

It was in his head, of course, Will knew. He had been putting therapy off for so many years, even since his dad passed, that it was always going to seem frightening, even if the therapist's office wasn't lit by a blood red sky.

Will took slow and deliberate steps up the path and then eyed the buzzers by the door, wondering if they were all therapists or if other businesses also occupied the building. More stalling.

He had to do this. He'd found this therapist with a cursory search online. His plan had been to put in what he was looking for, find nothing and go on with his life knowing he had tried. But there had actually been several hits and this particular doctor had been the top one. He'd gone so far as to look at reviews and they were all glowing, all saying this doctor changed their lives.

Will wasn't sure he needed that. He'd done all his changing, and he was happy with it. He ended up starting hormones and having surgery as soon as he was old enough to do so, and had now been stealth for many years. Hell, he was a police detective and no one on the force knew outside one or two people in HR. His birth sex was buried deep.

But therein was also part of the problem. Whilst Will had managed without therapy when he was younger - rather made do than managed - maybe he needed it now. At least he would give it a try.

Because he wanted to have sex. He wanted to enjoy sex. And whilst the dysphoria around his chest had been so bad his dad had taken out loans to pay for surgery, he'd never had the same extreme discomfort regarding his genitals. The problem was more that he found it difficult - impossible really - to be comfortable enough with someone else interacting with his body to engage with sex.

Will pressed the buzzer for "Dr Lecter", and waited.

He'd had sex a couple of times. Lost his virginity in high school to a closeted jock who saw Will as gay-lite, male-lite and could justify it in his mind as they fucked behind the bleechers. Just that once, taking Will from behind and coming within a couple of minutes. Will didn't come.

The second and final time he'd had sex was in college. A party hook-up where they were both so drunk they couldn't remember anything. It had been consensual - Will had needed to be drunk to get up the courage. But it was all a blur, and but for the soreness between his legs and the used condom on the floor in the morning, he wasn't sure he could say for certain they actually had sex.

That was it. Two unenjoyable moments that had left him even less inclined to have sex. Though it didn't stop him wanting it.

He masturbated. He enjoyed getting himself off, stroking his t-cock and even penetrating himself with fingers or dildo. But the thought of someone else doing that to him made him anxious, and he couldn't even say why for sure. He was comfortable with his body, he loved his body now, but something inside held him back from letting others explore it and love it too.

At this point, a thirty year old police detective with FBI aspirations and good friendships but no inclination towards dating - he knew part of it was shame. Right or wrong, or societal construct, he felt ashamed of having such negligible experience. He wanted more experience and had no idea

how to get it, on top of which it was impossible to ignore that not every gay man was interested in trans men.

“Come on in,” an accented voice spoke through the intercom and there was a low buzz at the same time as the door clicked.

Will cleared his throat and pushed the door, the buzzing stopping only once the door thunked shut behind him. He followed the signage up the stairs and into a small waiting room.

Whilst maybe his life might have been different if he’d had therapy at a younger age, maybe from the get-go of his transitioning, Will hoped it wasn’t too late to try and change things. That’s why, when he’d been looking for therapists, he’d specifically wanted one that specialised in sex.

“Hello, Will. May I call you Will?”

Will looked up to see the doctor in the doorway ahead of him, opening into the man’s office. He was neatly groomed, over-groomed perhaps. With a clearly expensive tailored three-piece suit. The residual effects of Will’s upbringing immediately put him off, detesting this sort of pompous toff off hand. But he tempered this with the lessons he’d learned over the years as a cop - the world was made up of lots of different people and he should be the last one to judge any of them.

“Sure,” he replied, and the doctor smiled.

“I’m doctor Lecter, pleased to meet you.”

Will blinked, immediately and surprisingly disarmed. The man was undeniably and devastatingly handsome and his European accent was as smooth as silk.

Will cleared his throat and broke the somewhat intimidating eye contact, then the doctor held the door and indicated the chairs opposing each other near the centre of the room. The room was huge, with tall bookcases lining one wall, an ornate desk, a fireplace. Everything spoke of opulence and expense and the desk reminded Will of one of his college professors he’d had a crush on and had wanted to—

“Please take a seat.”

Will did so, shrugging off his jacket and letting the doctor take it - a hand reached out as Will went to hang it on the back of the chair. He relaxed into the soft cushions, low enough to the ground that he felt a little trapped, knowing he’d have to push himself up to get out of it. The lighting was dim, but adequate, and when the doctor returned from hanging his coat, he undid the buttons on his own suit jacket before lowering himself into the chair opposite.

Everything felt very purposeful. A manipulation into comfort but a comfort not easily escaped.

“I’d like to open this first session with a few questions, if I may. To get a sense of your circumstances and how we can best proceed to support you.”

Will nodded, a little mesmerised by the way Lecter’s lips curled as he spoke. Probably not great to be attracted to the therapist who you wanted to get sex advice from.

“Wonderful. Is this the first time you’ve had therapy, of any kind?”

“Yes,” Will answered, unsure whether elaboration was required, but with another smile and a short nod, Lecter made a note on the notepad resting on his knee.

Surprising Will that he didn’t ask *why* he wanted therapy, Lecter continued, “How do you identify, sexually? And if you’re not sure or are questioning or curious in any way, you need only say so. I am not planning on applying any labels to you.”

His voice was so soft and warm that Will found himself blushing at the question rather than feeling angry or anxious at having been put on the spot by the intrusion.

“I’m, uh, I’m gay,” Will replied hesitantly and figitied, at which Lecter cocked his head and observed him.

“I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable, if sexuality is a—”

“No,” Will interrupted, realising he might have been misunderstood, “I’m not closeted or anything. Or confused. Just… um, caught off guard.”

“Of course,” Lecter inclined his head. “I always find it best to get the most pertinent information up front, but please don’t feel you have to answer anything you’re uncomfortable with. Many of my male patients don’t always have that same sort of clarity regarding their sexuality.”

“Okay…” Will frowned.

Lecter made another note and then asked, “And what do you do for a living, Will?”

“I’m a cop. A detective.”

“I see,” Lecter made another note, “and do you find that role stands in the way of you making connections with others?”

“Um… I don’t… I’m not really out at work. I’m not *not* out. I just don’t talk about my personal life.”

“Hmm,” Lecter rested his writing hand on his knee and cocked his head a little. “I get the sense that that has more to do with wanting to avoid potential connections than fearing any prejudice.”

Will’s jaw clenched. “I guess so. I don’t make friends easily. I don’t…”

“You are closed off. Is that because you desire to be, a recluse at heart. Or do you fear rejection?”

Will rubbed his sweaty palms on his thighs and let out a chuckle, “You tell me, Doctor.”

Lecter hummed again, made a few more notes and then set his notebook and pen on the side table next to him.

“Tell me, Will, what is it you wish to get from this therapy? There are other methods you could have tried, other avenues to explore.”

Will shrugged, not having anticipated such a question.

“I… I want to have sex. I want to enjoy sex. But something holds me back. Has done for years. I thought it was time to address it. Therapy with someone specialising in sex felt like the best way

for me to understand what's holding me back."

Lecter nodded his understanding, his eyes seeking something they seem to have found, as though trying to make sure Will was in the right place.

"And what do you think it is that holds you back?"

Will shrugged and then sat back in the chair with a sigh. "I'm transgender, and whilst I'm comfortable with my body, personally, I just don't know how to let people close. I've never had an enjoyable sexual experience. But I feel like I can enjoy sex, it just hasn't worked out so far."

"I see," Lecter steepled his fingers. "I'm sure this is something we can work on together. Whilst you are comfortable with your body, it is perfectly normal - even for cis people - to have reservations about letting anyone in, intimately. And your unenjoyable experiences would have only contributed to that."

Will nodded, "I'll be honest, I've never considered therapy before. It's not something that has ever sat right with me. But… I want to get over this and I don't see any other option."

One of Lecter's eyebrows raised slightly and he nodded, "This sort of radical therapy often isn't people's first option, but I can understand why you've chosen this route."

Before Will had a chance to ask what he meant by 'radical', Lecter picked the notebook up again then cleared his throat - a polite gesture before he continued—

"Do you prefer to top or bottom, Will?"

His cheeks burning Will stuttered, "I, uh…" he was not expecting that question, nor did he understand the relevance, not right now at least.

"If those are terms you're uncomfortable with, perhaps the passive partner or the—"

"No," Will interrupted, "no, I just, um… I prefer to bottom. I think."

Hannibal made a note. He made a note! He was noting down Will's position preference. Will's cheeks heated all the more and he could feel the blush crawling down his neck and up to the tips of his ears.

"What terminology do you prefer for your genitals?" Hannibal asked, waiting with pen poised.

"What?!" Will blinked. What was going on? Was this necessary?

"Do you prefer masculine or feminine terms?"

"Masculine," Will answered, "But, what—"

"And, where do you prefer to be penetrated?"

"Oh god," Will muttered under his breath, dropping his head into his hands. He hadn't expected it to be like this. Was this some sort of exposure therapy? Try to get him over any awkwardness around talking about sex?

“I’m sorry if these questions seem intrusive, Will, but they are necessary for the sort of radical therapy I offer. If you would prefer, we need not continue—”

“No!” Will objected more forcefully than he’d meant to. “I really need to deal with this. Just… ask away.”

Hannibal nodded, tapping his pen lightly on the notepad. “Penetration?”

“Um, front hole… I’ve never. I don’t think I’d like anal.” Will tried to be as truthful as possible, and the few times he’d played with his ass he hadn’t really gotten into it.

“Uhuh,” Lecter acknowledged, making another note before finally setting the notepad aside again. “And when would you like to begin therapy?”

Will frowned, “I thought that we were going to be doing it today. Isn’t that why I’m here?”

“Of course,” Lecter replied with a soft smile, “Some clients prefer to go away and think about it for a while. Decide what they are comfortable with.”

“Okay,” Will agreed, understanding that Hannibal must be talking about this radical therapy - a deep dive into talking about sex. And Will was ready for that. He’d already set his mind to this - he needed to go through with it.

“In that case, shall we go through to the therapy room?” Lecter stood, and Will automatically did the same, although he had thought this *was* the therapy room.

Lecter led Will to a panelled wall which he didn’t realise at first had a door until Lecter reached for the handle.

“Please go in, make yourself comfortable. There is a private bathroom should you wish to use it.”

“I’m good thanks,” Will replied, bewildered.

“Okay, great.” Lecter replied, allowing Will to walk into the room first.

The room was more dimly lit and felt warm. There was the slight scent of a mild incense and the bed looked comfortable.

Bed??

Will came to a halt.

He prided himself on being a fairly good judge of character - able to quickly suss someone out. It was how he made detective so quickly. So whilst he could admit that he found Dr Lecter quite enigmatic and difficult to get a good sense of, he had not expected this.

“You need not remove any clothes unless you wish to, and you will dictate how much clothing I myself remove, if any. I just want to reiterate that this is entirely consensual, Will. Nothing happens here without your explicit consent.”

Will was silent, Lecter’s words spinning in his mind. Reiterate? When was it iterated?

Will felt that whooshing sensation, the pendulum swinging behind his eyes, and then he saw it. The paperwork he had been emailed when he had contacted Lecter for an appointment. He'd barely scanned it, wanting to just get the ball rolling before he changed his mind about therapy. He'd agreed to the terms and taken the first available appointment that fit with his work schedule.

In his mind, words popped out, words from the paperwork. *Radical Sex Therapy*.

"Radical sex therapy…" Will muttered the words, and his focus came back to the room. Lecter was looking at him with concern.

"Is everything alright, Will? If you do not wish to continue—"

"No, um…" Will wasn't sure where the words burst from but as he looked at the doctor and realised what was being offered here, he wondered if actually it was exactly the solution he needed. "Just… Um… I need you to talk me through what's going to happen here."

"Of course," Lecter agreed and motioned his hand towards the bed. Will took a seat, perching on the end of it and Lecter came and sat next to him. "Let's talk first about goals. Your goal is to enjoy sex, to feel comfortable having sex and feel comfortable seeking out sexual partners. My goal is to help you with that by helping enjoy sex and to combat the anxiety you feel around sex by letting you experience it on your terms and become familiar with it. With your likes and dislikes, and ultimately improve your sexual confidence."

"Right," Will nodded, "Okay. And do you do this for a lot of trans people? Like, what are your credentials, I guess."

Will didn't look at him but could hear the smile in Lecter's voice when he replied, "You're currently my only trans male client. I cannot discuss my other patients in much detail, as you can appreciate, but most users of my services have the same disconnection to sex as you do. Mostly they are women, and some men, who have experienced negative sexual experiences or indeed are virgins in their thirties, forties and older who wish to experience sex for the first time in a supportive environment."

"So, you're kind of a prostitute, then." Will frowned, really wishing he'd read the paperwork.

Lecter chuckled, "Perhaps. Though I do also hold degrees in medicine and psychiatry. And, I must add, in my experience sex workers make great therapists."

Will had relaxed a little at the chuckle, it seemed to draw the tension out of the situation. Once more, he had to admit that Lecter was disarming, and yeah, maybe this was actually what Will needed.

"How do we do this then?"

"As I said, how we do this is up to you. How much you do or don't want to do is up to you. Clothing, or lack thereof. Would you like to remain dressed or remove any clothing?" Lecter asked.

"I, um, I'm going to get down to my underwear, if that's okay?" Will replied, his mind already having gone to that eventuality as they spoke.

"Of course. Would you like me to do the same?"

“Actually,” Will hesitated as he thought about it. He didn’t want to focus on Lecter’s body, as attractive as he was sure it was, he didn’t want to be distracted from what he needed - the comfort with his own body. “Can you stay clothed? Or maybe, um, yeah just remove your jacket and tie?”

“I can,” Lecter replied and stood, undoing his tie.

Will stood too and thought about going to the bathroom, but decided it was a little redundant and instead started to unbutton his shirt.

“What would you like me to call you? Shall I call you Will, or is there an endearment you’d prefer?” Lecter asked as he set his tie on the back of a chair that sat pushed in at the dresser against the wall.

“Um, Will is fine.” He fumbled nervously with his buttons.

“And what would you like to call me? Do you prefer my first name - Hannibal? Or you can call me Doctor, or—”

“What do people usually call you?” Will let his intrigue take over, distracting himself from removing his shirt and setting it over Lecter’s tie before starting on the fly of his trousers.

“Different patients prefer different things. Hannibal, Doctor, a form of endearment, such as darling. Some prefer to call me by someone else’s name, or daddy, or—”

“Hannibal is fine,” Will interjected, almost choking on the words as he flushed and his fingers felt like spaghetti as he tried to get his trousers off.

“Would you like assistance?” Hannibal asked but Will shook his head and finally got his trouser down. Hannibal’s jacket was now over the chair too so Will lay his pants over the top and then stood there, in boxers and socks.

“You’re very handsome, Will.” Hannibal crooned the words, but it felt very much like they were meant, as he closed the space between them. He cupped Will’s face in one hand. “Is there anywhere you do not wish to be touched?”

Will swallowed and shook his head, and Hannibal’s hand stroked down from his cheek, down his flame hot neck and further down until they softly ran over his nipple.

“And, would you like to be kissed, or would you prefer we didn’t kiss?”

Will was panting hard, already feeling himself getting ever wetter and harder at this strangely comfortable intimacy.

“We can kiss,” he finally managed. And no sooner had he said the words than Hannibal leaned in and gently pressed their mouths together. His lips were soft and warm and after a moment they opened and his tongue slipped between Will’s until he opened to him. It was a languid, lazy sort of kiss that had the intimacy of a couple who had been together for long enough to already know each other's likes and dislikes.

As they kissed, Hannibal turned them and backed Will towards the bed, until it hit the back of his legs and he went down. Falling onto his back and looking up at Hannibal with hunger in his eyes,

that he saw reflected there. Why had he been avoiding this sort of thing? He was already so wet and it was already better than either of his previous experiences.

“What would you like, Will?” Hannibal asked, his voice like gravel.

“I… I want you to take charge,” Will spoke the words as they popped into his head, not having anticipated them, but finding them absolutely true. “I’ll let you know if there is anything I don’t like.”

Hannibal smiled, this time a slightly devilish smirk, before he climbed over Will and resumed kissing him.

The truth was, when Will lost his virginity he had wanted it. He’d wanted it like that - bent over, taken. He’d wanted to give himself over to someone. He’d just also wanted to enjoy it.

And he was already enjoying this much more than any other experience he’d had.

Hannibal pulled back from the kiss and sat back, straddling Will’s waist as he looked down at him.

“You really are quite stunning,” Hannibal told him. Which Will took to be sincere, not just from his tone but from the rock hard cock straining against his expensive pants.

Will moaned as Hannibal pressed their crotches together for a few moments before he leaned in and kissed Will again. A quick smooch of a kiss before he trailed his lips down over Will’s clavicle to his chest.

He was whimpering by the time Hannibal licked over his right nipple. There was only the barest of sensation there since top surgery, and yet it sent a zinging spark through him, as though his nipple was directly linked to his crotch. He unconsciously bucked up against Hannibal, who pushed his hips back down but didn’t stop there. As his mouth continued to lavish attention on his nipples, one hand held his hip down and the other stroked him over his underwear. Will’s cock protruded enough that with every sweep of Hannibal’s hand he stroked over the tip.

“Take them off,” Will rasped, which drew a murmur of affirmation from Hannibal whose tongue then trailed downwards, following his happy trail and meeting his cock as Hannibal revealed it. “Fuck!” Will bucked up again, his boxers now around his thighs as Hannibal tongued at the tip of his cock.

Trapped in his boxers, Will tried to spread his legs, but could only go so far, and fuck that was hot. Hannibal hummed and pressed on anyway, sucking Will’s cock into his mouth.

“Oh god!” Will gripped the bedcovers tight. He’d never done this before, he’d never even been sure he wanted to. He thought he’d be hesitant, that he would hold himself back from this sort of intimacy, and yet he had just let Hannibal get on with it.

He was sure he could feel Hannibal smiling against his wet pussy as he then slipped a finger inside him.

Will bucked again, his whole body tensing for a moment and then relaxing, as he went pliant. It felt so good, and even better when Hannibal pulled off his dick to slide his tongue in alongside his finger. Will felt boneless, a wave of euphoria he had never felt before rising inside him, radiating out from where Hannibal’s tongue worked over him.

When Hannibal went back to sucking his cock, he slid another finger inside, fucking them back and forth, scissoring them, crooking them, every movement a new sensation for Will until he finally was overtaken. Crying out as he came, squirting his release, which Hannibal quickly manoeuvred to capture in his mouth.

“Oh fuck, fuck…” Will was trembling, his whole body shaking as the climax rolled over him. He felt high, he felt dazed. When he finished squirting, Hannibal lathed the area with his tongue, cleaning Will up until he was over sensitised and started to whine.

At that, Hannibal pulled back, drawing a pocket square from the little pocket in his vest and cleaning the corners of his mouth as though he had just enjoyed a meal. It made Will throb.

“Would you like me to penetrate you, Will?” Hannibal asked, a gentle tone that set Will at ease. They could just end it here if Will wanted, but instead he nodded.

“Y-yes. I want that.”

When Hannibal started to undo his pants, Will shook his head.

“No, wait. Not here. Can you…” Will bit his lower lip. He knew Hannibal said this was all up to him, but he felt apprehensive all the same. “Can you fuck me over your desk?”

Hannibal grinned down at him and held out a hand for Will, “I would love that,” he crooned in response.

Hannibal moved off the bed and Will took his offered hand, being pulled up to stand. Once on his feet, Hannibal drew him close, keeping him steady on Bambi-weak legs, and devouring his mouth once more in a hungry kiss.

When they broke the kiss, Hannibal muttered roughly against Will’s ear, “Go bend over my desk, Will. I want to fuck you there. Be a good boy.”

Will swallowed, his heart beating erratically in his chest. Steadying himself for a moment, Will stepped out of his boxers and did as he was told. Hannibal watched him hungrily as he opened the door and went back into the office. He went directly to the desk and bent over it, laying his chest flat against it and gripping the edge tight in his hands.

“What a wonderful sight,” Hannibal murmured, making Will jump. He hadn’t realised the man was so close. But there he was, right behind him, a hand gently coming to rest on his asscheek. “Such a good boy for me.”

Will didn’t quite manage to stifle the strange noise those words pulled from him.

He heard Hannibal’s zipper and shuddered, his pussy leaking and cock throbbing just from that alone. Despite having just had the best orgasm of his life, he was still aching for this.

There was the sound of a packet ripping and Will looked over his shoulder to see Hannibal’s gorgeous, uncut cock as he rolled a condom down over it.

“Oh god,” Was all he could mutter at the thought of that being inside him. He faced front once more and buried his head against one arm as he continued to listen. It felt like he could hear

everything. The snick of a cap, the wet sound of lube being slicked over Hannibal's cock, the slight tap of the lube being set down on the desk.

And then he felt the rigid heat against him as Hannibal slotted it between Will's thighs.

"You look stunning like this," Hannibal told him, his cock resting against his wet hole as his hands encouraged Will's legs a little further apart. "So obedient."

Will swallowed, his heart thudding so much he was sure he could hear it against the wood of the desk and wondered if Hannibal could hear it too.

One hand still on Will's hip, Hannibal took hold of his cock and started to rub it over Will's wet folds, tip catching on Will's hole a few times before Hannibal finally stilled and began to push in.

Will let out a high sound and went up on his tiptoes as the fat head of Hannibal's cock breached him.

"Shh," Hannibal stroked his side, down over his hip. "You can take me darling, I know you can." Hannibal encouraged as he pushed forward a little more.

Another inch sank in, pushing past rings of muscle.

"Relax for me," Hannibal instructed as he leaned forward and began to pepper Will's naked skin with kisses - wherever he could reach and not once pushing in any further.

Will nodded, trying to settle his breathing and letting himself go pliant, until he felt Hannibal move easier inside him. And then Will pushed back, taking more of Hannibal into him and drawing a groan from the doctor.

"Oh, that's it. You perfect boy. You take me so well," Hannibal muttered against Will's skin as he began to move again, gentle but long thrusts that went deeper each time until he was fully sheathed inside Will.

Will clenched around him, feeling that hard length and marvelling at it.

"So tight for me. How wonderful," Hannibal murmured.

Will nodded against the desk and pushed back again, circling his hips, wanting to feel everything. With a growl, Hannibal took this cue and began to speed his thrusts. Nothing too rough, but enough to set a strong rhythm that Will's body matched. They rocked together on the desk, Will feeling ever more blissed out at being trapped between Hannibal's still clothed body and the unyielding wood.

"Such a good, tight, boy," Hannibal muttered against his ear, the words a struggle as he panted through his own excretion. The thought of Hannibal enjoying this as much as he was, was almost enough to push Will over the edge.

"Close… close…" Will managed to stutter out the words.

Hannibal let out a pleased hum and then one hand was gone from him, reappearing a moment later around his leg, pushing forward as he hoisted Will up so that his crotch was pressed against the desk.

His cock being pummelled against the hard wood as Hannibal drove into him.

“Oh god, god, fuck. Shit…” Will cursed and his eyes rolled in his head as he felt another climax rising. Hannibal rocked his body even harder, making sure that each thrust pushed Will’s cock against the desk until—

“Hannibal!” Will cried out as he came, clenching around Hannibal and squirting all over the desk. He drenched it, the slide of his body eased by the wetness.

“Good boy, wonderful, Will.” Hannibal praised, his thrusts slowing.

“Come,” Will panted. “Keep going, use me, please. Want you to come.”

“Oh, Will. You’re so good to me,” Hannibal pressed more kisses to his back as he resumed thrusting. Fucking into Will’s clenching hole as the last of his climax ripped through him. When Will started to whine, oversensitive, Hannibal pulled back a little and grabbed Will’s hips, pulling him back off the desk and onto his cock, until Will was sliding around in his own mess as Hannibal pulled him onto his cock over and over then he grunted and shuddered.

He fucked into Will a couple more times and then buried himself deep, filling the condom with another soft grunt, followed by, slightly slurred words “My perfect boy. So wonderful.”

They remained, catching their breaths, for a few minutes until Hannibal withdrew. Will moaned as the half hard cock pulled out of him, revelling in the sensation of it.

He heard the soft thwack of the condom hitting a waste bin, followed by the sound of Hannibal’s zipper once more, and then Hannibal was back beside him. With gentle hands he eased Will back up from the desk and into his arms, not caring about the state Will was in.

“I made a mess…” Will half-slurred, looking down at the glistening wetness of the desk.

“I’m glad you did,” Hannibal chuckled, his lips pressing against Will’s temple. “My remarkable boy.”

“I’ve never come like that before. Never um… made a mess.” Will admitted, enjoying - needing - the comfort of being in Hannibal’s arms. Feeling raw and exposed.

“And how does that make you feel?”

“Good, great…” Will managed a chuckle. “Euphoric actually. Not just, um, sexually. I have this intense feeling of just… being right, in myself. In my body.”

“Gender euphoria,” Hannibal replied with a slight nod and a scattering of kisses to Will’s hair. “Society focuses so much on gender dysphoria but doesn’t always understand the affirmation that comes from experiencing gender euphoria. Whether that be people getting your pronouns correct, or an affirming sexual experience.”

Will drew back a little, studying Hannibal, appreciating his grasp of the situation.

“I thought you said you’ve never been with a trans man.”

Hannibal chuckled, and pulled Will back to his chest, “I haven’t, but I’m not unexposed to transgender issues, especially being part of the queer community myself.”

Will hummed his understanding and didn't press any further. It wasn't his business, but he'd guess Hannibal to be pan or bi. Or maybe he actually was gay but was just that good at his job that he could satisfy his female patients. It didn't matter. Because right now it was just the two of them.

Will shivered, still a bit wet and naked but for his socks, he was starting to get chilly.

"Come, you can use the shower. There are fresh towels." Hannibal led Will back to the bedroom, barely letting him out of his embrace until they got to the bathroom door.

When Will was cleaned up, he came back to the now empty bedroom and redressed. He took a moment to look at the now remade bed. He wondered how many people had lost their virginity there. A thought that niggled only because he found himself wishing that he had done the same. How different things might have been in that area of his life, if this had been his first sexual encounter.

He sighed and then opened the door to the office.

Hannibal was behind the desk now, once more writing in his notes. He had changed his shirt and removed his vest, but had not put his jacket or tie back on. The desk was perfectly clean and tidy, and there was the faint scent of cleaning products in the air.

Will would feel self conscious about it if not for the beaming smile that greeted him.

"What happens now?" Will asked, feeling a pang of something like loss at the thought of having got what he came for and no longer needing this. Because the truth was, Hannibal Lecter was great at his job. Will did feel better, confident. He felt that he had the experience he needed to go out and look for a sexual partner and not feel the same apprehension or concerns he had before. He was, for want of a better word, cured.

Will walked over next to Hannibal and perched on the edge of the desk, looking down at him as the doctor closed his notebook.

"That's entirely up to you," Hannibal replied. "If you feel you got what you needed then you need not make another appointment. And if you feel you still need some support, whether physical or via talk therapy, then we can make further appointments until you are ready to stand on your own two feet, as it were."

Will nodded as he thought over those options. "And, what if I feel ready to go it alone, but would rather come here and experience this, um, intimacy, in a safe and comfortable environment?"

Will didn't miss the twitch in his lip or the very slight hesitation before Hannibal replied, "Of course, we can certainly arrange that. We can arrange your next session now."

Hannibal drew a large ledger towards him and opened it to flick through the future pages. Will's next day off was in 6 days, and Hannibal had a slot available - a fortuitous thing that made Will's chest flutter with anticipation.

"Okay," Will said, pushing off from Hannibal's desk and standing. "Um, thank you Doctor Lecter."

Will stood awkwardly for a moment and then held out his hand to shake - it felt like such a strange gesture after having the man inside him, after having been held by him afterwards.

Hannibal smiled warmly and stood, taking Will's hand in a firm grasp.

"It has been entirely my pleasure."

*

Hannibal watched from the window as Will Graham made his way back down the path and out onto the street.

An unpredictable patient that he had been glad to help. And help he had, he knew.

He walked back to his desk and flipped the notebook back open. Rereading his notes—

Patient appears to have received the desired benefits from treatment. No follow up required.

He hesitated for only a moment before ripping the page from the book and throwing it into the bin, on top of the used condom.

He never saw patients once they had what they came for, whether that be after one session or after ten. Once they no longer needed his support it would be inappropriate to have further sessions. Both on his part as a professional, and for the sake of patients who should not become reliant on him, but needed to take the support he had given and make their own way in the world.

And yet… Hannibal looked at the desk where Will had come, where he had found himself regretting having to clean up his release but doing so for the sake of professionalism.

There was no need to see Will Graham again, and yet he found he couldn't help himself from rewriting his notes.

Patient has made a great start, but further sessions are required to ensure full support is provided.

He put down the pen and closed the notebook.

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